





DANGER AND ADVENTURE

Volume 3, Number 24

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MAKE JOHNNY DANGER ADVENTURE





OH, COME NOW, JOHN! THERE IS EXCITEMENT EVERY DAY IN MY WORK AS A DETECTIVE! DETECTIVE WORK IS GREAT, I AGREE! BUT I'LL TAKE MY ADVENTURE IN WHAT-EVER WORK I'M DOING... WHEREVER IT MAY BE!

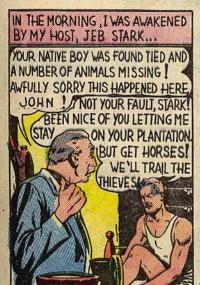








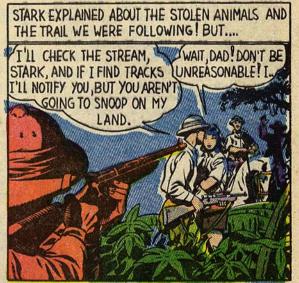














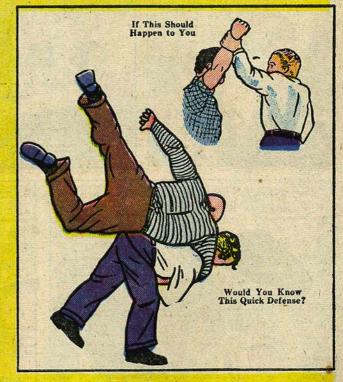


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Master Ju-Jitsu and you'll be able to overcome any attack-win any fight! This is what this book promises you! Lightning Ju-Jitsu will equip you with a powerful defense and counter-attack against any bully, attacker or enemy. It is equally effective and easy to use by any woman or man, boy or girl-and you don't need big muscles or weight to apply. Technique and the knowhow does the trick. This book gives you all the secrets, grips, blows, pressures, jabs, tactics, etc. which are so deadly effective in quickly "putting an attacker out of business." Such as: Hitting Where It Hurts-Edge of the Hand Blow-Knuckle Jab-Shoulder Pinch-Teeth Rattler-Boxing the Ears-Elbow Jab-Knee Jab-Coat Grip-Bouncer Grip-Thumbscrew-Strangle Hold -Hip Throw-Shoulder Throw-Chin Throw -Knee Throw-Breaking a Wristlock, or Body Grip, or Strangle Hold-Overcoming a Hold-up, or Gun Attack, or Knife Attack, or Club Assault, etc. etc.-Just follow the illustrations and easy directions, practice the grips, holds and movements-and you'll fear no man.



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of HOW 10 PERFORM STRONG MAIN STUNTS. If not satisfied I may return both books in 5 days and get my money back.

I enclose \$1—Send Postpaid (Sorry, No C.O.D.'s)

City_____Zone_State____





BUT THERE WAS NO SENSE ARGUING WITH HER, AND AS WE TURNED TO LEAVE

THEIR PLANTATION'S DOING BADLY! THOSE ANIMALS'D BRING ENOUGH TO PAY THEIR DEBTS! WE'LL GET THE COMMISSIONER TO SEARCH THEIR



PREPARED FOR THAT...BUT NOT FOR MY RETURNING ALONE TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT ... NO!I WELL:GOOD LUCK CAN DO BETTER ON GRANGER'S PLANTATION.

JOHN STILL ALONEAND ON FOOT, NO TRACKS COMING FROM WISH YOU'D LETME(IF THOSE ANIMALS THE STREAM YET, AND NOW COME WITH YOU AREON GRANGER'S IT ENDS IN A WATERFALL LAND, I'LL FIND THEM



SOMETIME LATER, BY THE STREAM ON GRANGER'S PLANTATION ...

























MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY ...

AND WHEN HE FINDS THE ANIMALS IN THAT CAVE BEHIND THE WATERFALL,

AND YOUR SIGNED

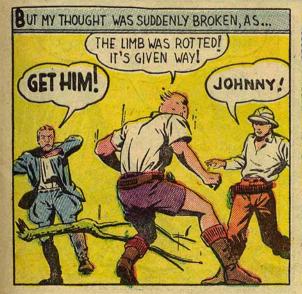
CONFESSION THAT YOU ACTED UNDER

GRANGER'S ORDER WILL





































WIKE DANGER
HAD SAT QUIETLY,
RELAXED IN ONE
OF THE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB'S
MOST COMFORTABLE CHAIRS, AS
HIS FRIEND,
JOHNNY
ADVENTURE,
RELATED HIS
AFRICAN EXPERIENCE. NOW
MIKE LEANED
BACK IN THE
CHAIR AND
SMILED AT
JOHN



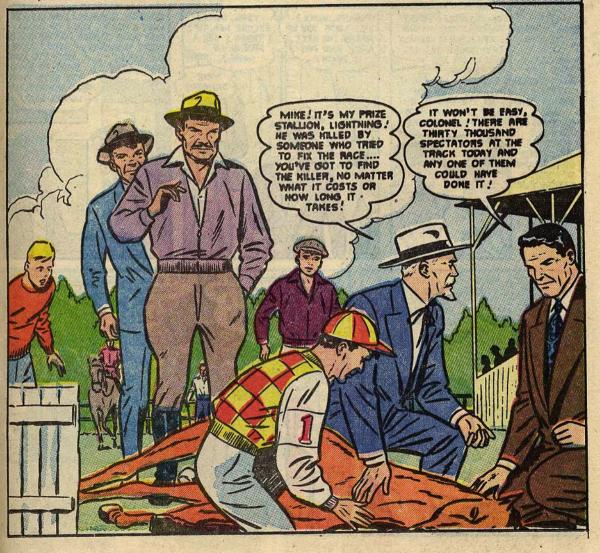


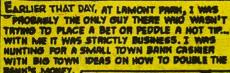
















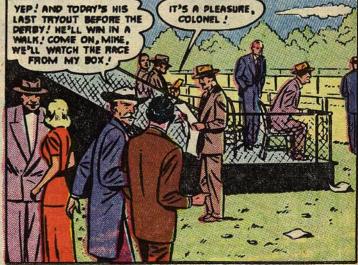
EY WAS M OLD-JOCHEY JOCHEY WHO HAD BEEN BANKED FROM IONG FOR LIFE BECAUSE OF HIS BAD HABIT OF THROWING RACES. NOW HE MADE A PRECARIOUS LIVING BY TOUTING PHONY TIPS TO SUCKERS.

LOOM, MANE! I'VE GOT A SLIME THING IN THE FIFTH! FOR A MEASLY TWO BLICKS I'LL LET YOU IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR! ALL RIGHT, THE DELICE, BUT SAVE THE SPIEL FOR SLICKERS!

















IT TOOK US TEN MINUTES TO PUSH THROUGH THE CROWD. AND BY THE TIME WE GOT TO THE STABLES IT WAS TOO LATE.











MME, I WANT YOU TO
GET THE DESPICABLE,
MURDERING GROOM
WHO DID THIS MO
IT TAHES!
YOUR STABLES!

STABLES THE ONCE OVER ... BUT NO LEAD. STAL, THERE WAS ONE WAY TO GET THINGS MOVING, AND THAT WAS TO ASK QUESTIONS BUT IT WASN'T WEST SIDE ORSE PARLOR" THREE DAYS LATER THAT I FOUND THE WITH THE ANSWERS.



NOW LOOK, MIKE ! I'D DO
ANYTHING TO PAY OFF THAT
RAT FOR FRAMING THAT
RACE ... BUT IF LUCKY
FINDS OUT WHO
IT'S
TIPPED YOU, WELL ... BETWEEN
HIS BOYS PLAY
LUS TWO,
KIND OF ROUGH! BARNEY!



WHO'P PUT UP MONEY ON ANYTHING FROM A DOS FIGHT TO A BARROOM BRAWL ... AS LONG AS THE "PIX" WAS IN. AS I HEADED ACROSS TOWN THAT EVENING I KNEW I WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK.



TT WAS DARK WHEN I CAME TO THE APARTMENT NOTEL WHERE LUCKY LIVED... A LUSH LRYOUT ON PARK WEST DRIVE. WITH A LOBBY LIKE THE TAJ MAHAL.



















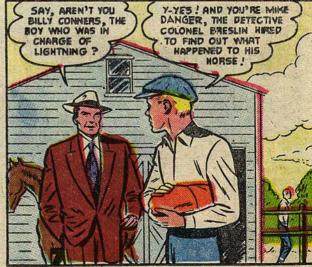








T WAS ALMOST NOON THE NEXT DAY WHEN I GOT OUT TO LAMONT PARK AGAIN . I WAS NOSING AROUND BEHIND THE STABLES WHEN I HEARD THE SOUND OF A KID CRYING. AND

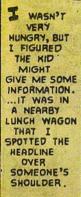
















SUPPEN PROSPERITY AND SUPPEN DEATH COULD ADD UP TO A LOT OF THINGS, BILLY ---IF WE KNEW HOW TO ADD!





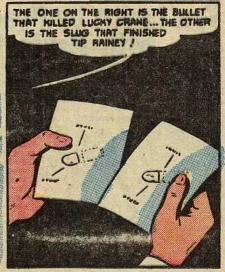


REMARK
LIT A
FIRE
UNDER ME
AND I
JUMPED
LIKE A
CAT
ON A
HOT
STOVE



AFTERNOON
I HUSTLED
DOWN TO
POLICE
HEADQUARTERS
TO ASK MY
FRIEND,
LIEUTENANT
COBB,
FOR A
LITTLE
FAVOR,
AND





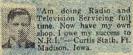
I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

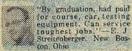
I TRAINED THESE MEN



"Up to our necks in Radio Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work." Glen Peterson, Bradford. Ont. Canada.



"Am with WCOC, NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam." —Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Micsissippi.



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UNDER G.I. BILLS

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Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time carnings.

My Training Is Up-To-Date

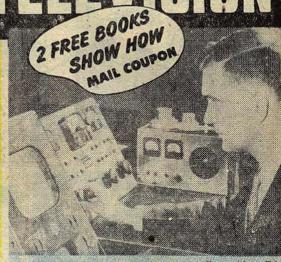
You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make

modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spåre time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

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Name Apre	Success in RADIO
VETS write in date VETS ef discharge	







WAS
THAT
HIGHT
THAT I
WENT
BACK
TO
LAMONT
PARK
TO
RENEW
AN OLD
ACQUAINTANCE.















YOU WERE TO DO THE DIRTY WORK WITH THE SPONGE AND LUCKY WAS TO SPLIT HIS WINNINGS WITH YOU! BUT AFTER THE RACE HE WOULDN'T PAY OFF SO YOU KILLED HIM AND TOOK THE MONEY FROM HIS SAFE!

















T'HOD THINK I EVER MOYED THAT QUICKLY IN MY LIFE. MIS FINGER WAS SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER AS THE LOCKER DOOR **STRUCK** HIS HAND.











I GUESS THAT DOES IT, LIEUTENANT! AND WITH WHAT IF YOU TEST THIS GUN OF HIS. I WE HEARD WHILE WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU HIDING BEHIND THE WALL, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ON MORGAN TO RAMEY!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, I WAS OUT AT THE TRACK AGAIN, POLISHING OFF THE CASE

YES, COLONEL! THE GAVE
ONLY TIME I LEFT
LIGHTNING WAS WHEN HIS CHANCE
MORGAN SENT ME TO
BUY A PACK OF
CIGARETTES JUST
BEFORE THE RACE!

MIME, I WANT TO THRNK YOU!
IT'S A REAL SATISFACTION TO
KNOW THAT MORGAN'S
GOING TO PAY FOR
HIS CRIMES!



I KNOW IT! THAT'S
WHY I'M REHIRING
BELY AT DOUBLE
WELL -I WA
HIS SALRRY! HE'LL
BE A GREAT
JOCKEY SOME
DAY!

THANK YOU,
WELL -I WA
I'M REHIRING
WELL -I WA
I'D RATHER BE
DETECTIVE!

COLONEL! BUT,
WELL -- I WAS
THINKING-- MAYBE
120 RATHER BE A
DETECTIVE!



THE DOOR of Detective Sergeant Adams' third precinct office opened, and in stepped Mitch Ballou. Adams lifted his large red face and glared at the intruder.

"What do you want, Ballou? Come to plague me with some of your scientific blarney?"

"Gently, little one, gently. I didn't come here to quarrel." Mitch pulled a chair over to the sergeant's desk and sat down, leaned forward and gazed into the slightly bulbous eyes across from him.

Adams turned fiercely to the papers on his desk.

"Why don't you go back to that chemical laboratory of yours? Make some stinks.!!! teave me alone!"

"You're cruel, Sergeant, and inhospitable. And after all we've been through together?" Mitch was referring to the fifty odd cases he'd worked on with Adams. Ballou was not a policeman, although his father, now deceased through the agency of a homicide's bullet, had been a lieutenant in this very station. Mitch had chosen the profession of biochemistry and was working at the University. But somehow the lure of police work was strong in his blood. He had spent his spare time studying criminalistics, and was now something of an expert at the laboratory detection of crime. The Captain often called him in as a special assistant, and his quick mind and the skill of his scientific training unravelled many a tangled case. The Captain usually paired him with Sergeant Adams, for the tough, hard-hitting little policeman and the tall, slender, gray-eyed young scientist had proved themselves time after time to be a winning team.

And now Mitch Ballou sat silently across the desk from the fat red-faced sergeant. He was willing to wait for the words which he knew would come any minute now. Adams was not a patient man.

"I guess the Captain called you in again, eh? Why can't he leave me alone to do my own work? I'll find the car that hit that kid and smashed up his bicycle. And I'll slap its hit and run driver behind bars if it takes all year."

"But we haven't got all year, little one. This is the age of speed, the age of science."

Adams exploded. "Science! That's all you think of, science!" The rest of his observation was lost to Mitch in an incoherent growl. Mitch laughed happily. He was back at work. The feud continued, and the sergeant and he were a team again.

After a few spluttering moments Adams began to outline the case to Mitch. Young Charlie Opson had been found lying in the street two days before, a few feet away from the twisted frame of his bicycle. An automobile, he had explained later in the hospital, had crashed into him from behind, knocking him into the street. He had been dazed, and before he had been able to gather his wits together, the car had disappeared. Not a soul had been around—there wasn't a single witness. One of his friends found him, and after getting him to the hospital, came to the police station for help.

"And we're going to help," Adams said to Ballou. "He's a nice kid. Used his bicycle on a paper route."

"Sergeant," Mitch said, "I'd like to see that kid. May I get to talk to him now?"

"No, not yet. He's still not allowed to have any visitors. However, I can show you his bicycle. But it's no use examining it," he added. "We've been over it with a fine tooth comb. Not a thing to help us find the automobile." He pushed a buzzer on his desk and gave an order to the patrolman who entered the office.

. Mitch examined the red bicycle, damaged beyond all hope of repair.

"Look at this, Sergeant." Mitch pointed to a small speck of green paint on the twisted back fender. "Did you see this when you examined the Bicycle?"

"Sure I did, Mitch. Obviously it's a bit of paint from the automobile that hit the bike. But there must be twenty thousand green cars in the city. We can't run them all down."

Mitch grinned mysteriously. "We don't have to, little one. We can save those little flat feet of yours this time. We'll let science do

some of your leg work for you. Give me three days and I'll cut those ten thousand cars down to fifty or sixty." Mitch took out his pocket knife and carefully scraped some of the green paint from the fender of the bicycle. "I'm not even taking all of the paint, little one," he told Adams. "Just a bit, the tiniest speck. And even that is too much. I'll probably throw away three quarters of this green dust which I am now going to place in the envelope you will be kind enough to hand me."

Four days later Mitch was back in Sergeant Adams' office. "You're a day late, microbe," the sergeant gloated.

"The mails, Sergeant, the mails. A storm over the Appalachian mountains and a grounded airplane."

"Huh?" was all that Adams answered.

Mitch placed his large thin hand upon the round man's arm. "Take a seat, little one, and I'll elucidate." He reached toward a box on Adams' desk, selected a cigarette, and lit it. "I first," he said, exhaling a cloud of smoke, "examined the paint under a spectroscope. Now don't get upset," he cautioned as he saw the sergeant begin to splutter. "A spectroscope is an instrument which we use to tell us not only what chemicals are in the substance we are examining, but also how much of them.

"Now, once I found out what particular chemicals were in this bit of paint from the bicycle fender, I was able to start tracing the paint. Because each automobile manufacturer uses its own special paints. And there are no two paints which have exactly the same chemicals in exactly the same amounts. Not even two batches of paint from the same manufacturer. You might almost say that the spectroscope can give you the 'fingerprint' of the batch of paint which you're examining.

"Each manufacturer keeps an accurate listing of every batch of paint it makes, with the details of the ingredients used. So, once I had all this data about the paint on the bicycle fender, I simply wrote to all the automobile manufacturers, asking if they had put out any cars, painted green, with paint containing exactly the ingredients in the amounts I listed.

"I've got my answer. The car was a Buick, one of fifty which the factory, sometime in June of 1950, shipped to this city. The fifty cars were sent to ten different dealers, five to each one. And a reference to the classified

section of the telephone book tells me that one of these Buick dealers has his showroom in the neighborhood of the bicycle smashup. What do you say to a little visit to that dealer?"

Adams ordered his squad car, and soon he and Mitch were talking to Mr. J. C. McBride, the proprietor of the agency. A glance at his records showed the names of the customers to whom he had sold the five cars in question.

"Now you can start in being a policeman, little one," Mitch told Adams as they left McBride's. "You can take me along and show me how you work."

Adams growled some words which Mitch could not, or did not want to, understand. But he revealed his ability as a smart detective. He quickly learned that on the day, hour and minute of the accident, two of the Buick owners had been out of the city, one had been standing in a garage watching his car being repaired, and a fourth had not driven his car at all, said car being in a junk yard, the miserable remains of a collision three months previously.

That left only Mr. Thomas Devereux, owner of the fifth car. Mitch and Adams hopped into the squad car and pulled up in front of Devereux' house just as he was getting into his car. On the front left fender of the big green sedan was a large dent.

"He's our man all right," Mitch said. "Snap the handcuffs on him, Sergeant. He will deny his guilt, of course, but with the evidence I can produce, he will have to confess eventually!"

Back at the station house, two hours later, Mitch walked into Adams' office. "Well, like I said, he confessed. When I showed him the positive scientific evidence we had against him, there was nothing else he could do. All I had to do was to take a sample of the paint from the bicycle and match it on the spectroscope with the paint I scraped off his front fender. Then, as a final proof, I took a spectrograph (that's photo to you) of the two spectrums to show that they were identical. It was child's play."

"Child's play!" The sergeant snorted. "It was scientific method, and you know it."

Mitch grinned at the policeman. "Thanks, Sarge, coming from you that's mighty high praise indeed,"

THE END



























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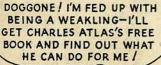
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The Insult "CHUMP" Into CHAMP



HEY, SUGAR. WHY
DON'T YOU QUIT THAT
HUMAN SKELETON
AND GET A
REAL MAN

YOU'LL WHAT—
YOU POOR CHUMP
TO GROW UP AND
BE A MAN!

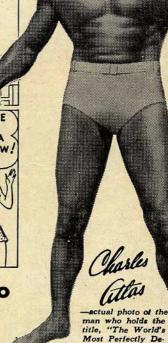




GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS
MUSCLES FAST! JUST
WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!







I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with redblooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret!
That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest size, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep,

bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE...My 32-Page Illustrated Book Not \$1.00 or 104 — But FREE

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." 32 pages, packed with photographs, valuable advice. Shows what Dynamic Tension can do; answers vital questions. Book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll

send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325Q 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325-Q 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of megive me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

veloped Man."

Name	(Please print plainly)
Address	
	Zone No.

City_____(if any)___State_____

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A



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